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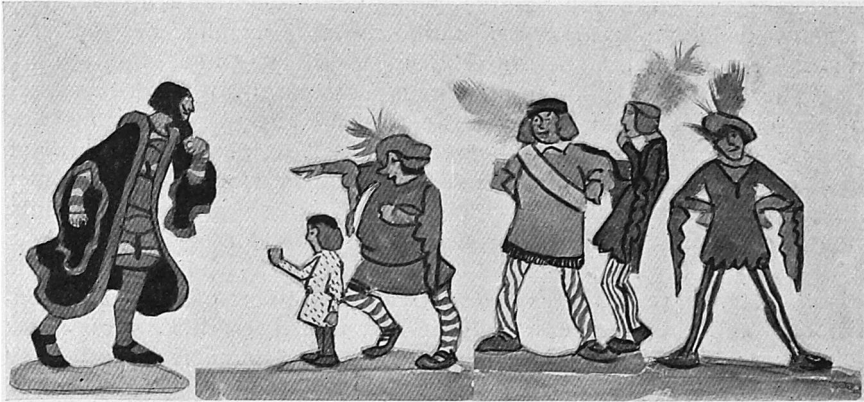
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MINIATURE FIGURES FOR THE PLAY OF "HENRY MORGAN"

you will not think of saying, "Who ever saw dangly fingers like that on any creature?" or, "What funny toes!" but you will feel that you have something beautiful and enjoyable, therefore something which must be art.

GARDNER TEALL.



MR. WHISTLER AS A TEACHER

The place that belongs to the artist James McNeil Whistler cannot be affected by the reputation for eccentricity that is commonly given to the man. Perhaps of this side of the master enough has already been told; and having been privileged to know him as a teacher, I would pass on to other students of art some of the inspiration which a face-to-face acquaintance and a consequent study of his attitudes toward art have given me.

There is a sense in which the word artist may be used which gives it a certain meaning of exclusiveness otherwise quite inexpressible. The word has become too common. It is in its exclusive sense that I would speak of Mr. Whistler, the superlative artist, the poet-artist, and of his teaching. The man who paints symphonies and harmonies announces himself from the first a kind of musician with a musician's power. Subtlety is his watchword. In these days of so many painters but of so few artists it is inspiring to recall the man whose fine eye detects and whose master hand reveals the quiet dignity of things, the poetic suggestiveness in men and nature, whose delight is in the exquisite finesse, the beauty of individualities and in the expression of soul, which characterize his portraits. His artistic enjoyment in each

problem solved and set before us is plainly seen. In his etchings he shows us how from many a so-called common scene he has gathered the exotic, gathered it up with ease and joy for us to see, too.

"The gentle art of making enemies" was certainly never practiced in his classes. From the first he was all that was gracious and "gentle" in a friend. He appeared to take a serious interest in each pupil's studies, and as an evidence of this, past work was frequently alluded to or used in making comparisons. The individual criticisms, though no one pupil was ever neglected, were comparatively slight. It was usually the talk after his tour of the studio which was the real lesson. It was then that we were treated to a sort of Parisian "ten-o'clock," and the same epigrams he had expressed in London years before were repeated in his unique and witty manner. We looked with him upon our fellow-creatures in the room and saw how "quiet" in color they were, how "gray," how "low in tone." In that "ten-o'clock" he has thus expressed himself: "Lights have been brightened until the white of the tube alone remains; shadows have been deepened until black alone is left. Scarcely a feature stays in place, so fierce is its intention of 'firmly' coming forth; and in the midst of this unseemly struggle for prominence the gentle truth has but a sorry chance, falling flat and flavorless and without force."

Violence of technique he looked upon with amused pity, and spots of clear color, such as do not exist in nature, but are a means of expression adopted by the "present movement," were his abomination. He lays stress always upon the "seeing," the feeling for the whole beauty—and expression followed. To translate a phrase from one of his propositions: "Application in art is a necessity, not a virtue; and all appearance of it which is discovered in a completed work is a fault, not a quality—a proof, not of perfection, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone can efface all trace of work. The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow, suggests no effort, and is finished from the beginning."

Lest it might seem that such instruction, while fine theoretically, might be impracticable in its working, I hasten to add that the methods which had somehow come to be part and parcel of the class seemed to me most helpful, and tended to give a coolness, simplicity, and ease in going about one's work that I had not experienced before. In my opinion no good teacher insists upon his own methods, nor did Mr. Whistler do this; but no studio exists which has not its special traditions, its influences—an unconscious result, presumably, of all the forces, both in the master and in the pupils, that have been associated with it. Details in work were rarely criticised, but the aim was to make one one's own best critic, and much stress was laid upon the larger truths that include the smaller, thus assisting pupils to use their own perceptions.

This was not the atmosphere of the ordinary Paris atelier. It was

not "academic," for which reason, in my mind, one would do well to be grounded in drawing before going to Mr. Whistler. It was not "academic," but it was a great artistic revelation. For what but a clod without a spark is painting that is not animated by a soul? Here is a master who feels the fine dignity in everything he renders, a magician who extracts from men and things their spiritual essence. It is in this last, in his spirituality, that Mr. Whistler seems to exceed that "master from Madrid" himself, for whom he has such admiration, and to whose art his own bears much kinship.

LOUISE W. JACKSON.



THE EDITOR

The recent death of Munkacsy brought to a close a career of extraordinary brilliancy and popularity, shaded at the end by his unfortunate mental condition. Thirty years or so ago he appeared like a meteor in the realm of painting, and his "Last Days of the Condemned," owned in Philadelphia, brought him immediate renown. His own influence and that of the schools of Germany were prominent among the younger American painters abroad. Dark tones and bitumen backgrounds were the proper modes of expression. Chase and Duveneck, in the later seventies, were among the strongest Americans who followed this tendency. The recent landscapes of Chase are alone sufficient to show how completely this German tendency in technique has been overcome, directly or indirectly, by the influence of French schools. The impressionists have laid at rest this old-fashioned style of painting. To be sure, the dark pictures are à la mode again, but they revert to the acts and teaching of Velasquez via Whistler, and have no connection with the Munich movement.

This life-span of Munkacsy measures the American art movement during the last thirty years, for he stood so characteristically for the earlier style, while no one in America follows his methods to-day. The influence on the American art students abroad who are now distinguished contributors to our exhibitions was first German, then French. It goes without saying that the student to-day goes to France to finish his education; the picture-buyer patronizes the French artist, and the French influence is the prominent one in our homes, schools, museums, galleries, and studios. How long this will continue time will disclose. There are evidences that the American influence will be the conspicuous one with us. We hope so, for there is a large body of well-trained artists and laymen who are now thoroughly established here, working hard and adapting their power and training to home needs. A slow transformation is taking place in many characteristic and